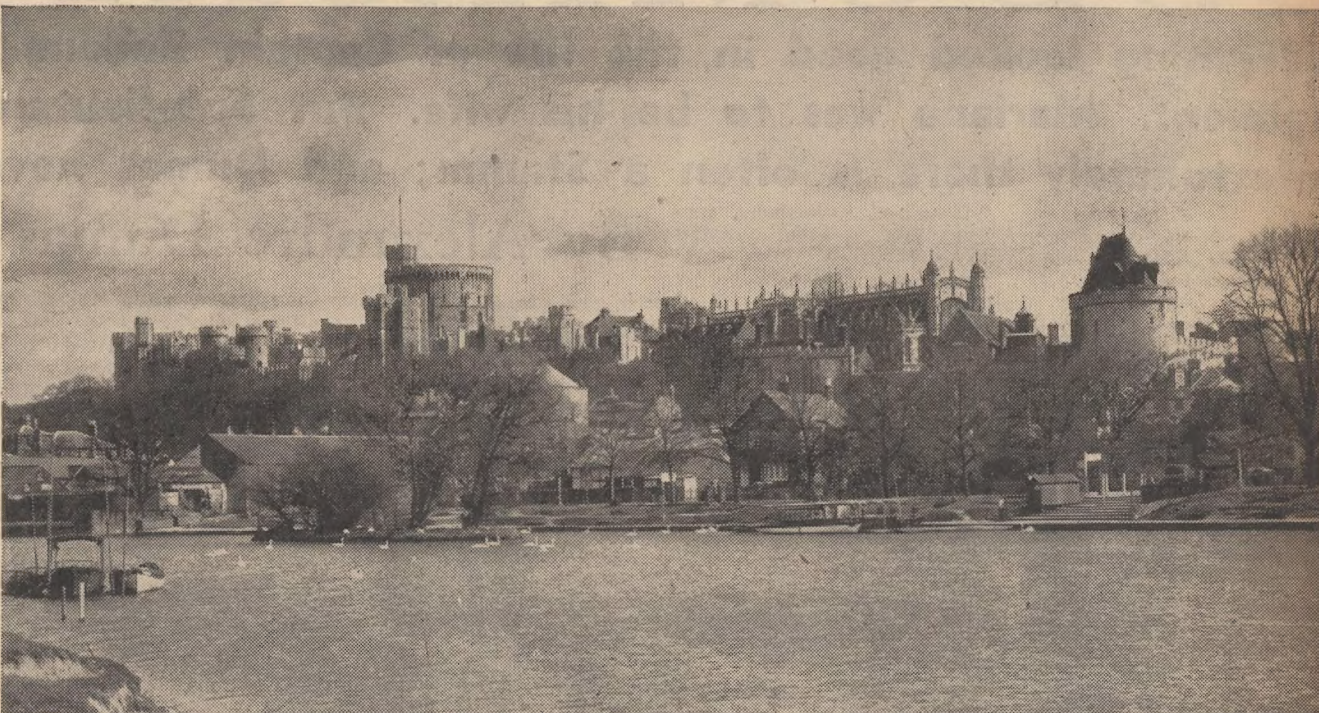


Good Morning 686

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WINDSOR



There are other buildings at Windsor apart from the Castle, writes D. N. K. Bagnall, after a visit to the Home Town. There is the Town Hall, built by Sir Christopher Wren, for instance. There is the Star and Garter pub in Peascod Street, and the White Hart in High Street. But when a man says "Windsor," he means the Castle—and, indeed, Windsor Castle is all that is England, Shakespeare's England and our England.

West Country Notes

BRISTOL and many home towns in the West have been welcoming back returned prisoners of war during the past weeks, and the flutter of Union Jacks and the glint of freshly ironed aprons of the womenfolk have become commonplace outside many cottage homes where "the man" has been away sometimes for three or four years on end.

Joy and sadness go hand-in-hand with some of these homecomings, and sometimes the men come home to find "hat time has played curious tricks with memory.

Private R. Austin, of Shirehampton (the Gloucester Regt.), for instance, was rather startled when he stepped from the train at Temple Meads station recently and a little girl of six rushed to his arms shouting, "Daddy." It was his own little daughter, of course. He had not seen her since she was six months old.

Many of these repatriated or released men are presented with nice little sums of money collected from among well-wishing neighbours.

RIVALRY.

THE old friendly rivalry between South Wales and the West of England has come to the fore again, this time in connection with the post-war plans for a great new airport to serve the needs of passengers and freight between Southern England and the Continent.

With a great flurry of trumpets, the Bristol Chamber of Commerce called a meeting to discuss such a scheme, and decided that probably £8,000,000 would have to be spent on the project.

Next day South Wales came out with a cut-and-dried plan for a £10,000,000 airport to be constructed near Cardiff, and an in-

fluent body of public men were already pressing the claims of Wales in Whitehall.

Unfortunately, the Government isn't showing all the enthusiasm that might be expected of it. At the Bristol meeting, for instance, a booklet was distributed with the title "With the R.A.F. in the Middle East." On the cover is the picture of an American aero engine; on the back a picture of an American Kittyhawk plane!

A NEW BRISTOL.

PLANS for the rebuilding of Bristol are by no means exhausted. So much criticism has been levelled against the Corporation's tentative proposals, which seemed to provide for the erection of grand new shops in the centre of the city—and little else, that these seem to have fallen into the background, and some highly imaginative designs have been put forward by various individuals.

Quite a good one has been laid before the Rotary Club by a local architect.

This provides not only for the reconstruction of houses and shops, but for the layout of a really grand Civic Centre in the neighbourhood of Victoria Street and Temple Meads, which would include a new Colston Hall on the site of the old George's Brewery, and tree-lined boulevards from there to the shopping centre, which would remain somewhere in the same neighbourhood as before.

Then Mr. Sidney Clifford, the new Sheriff, has outlined plans for the building of a new theatre on the site of the old Prince's, destroyed by the blitz in 1941. He also thinks there should be an up-to-date repertory theatre, and says he is determined to do his utmost to see the proposals brought about.

E. J. G. B.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH solemnly walking down the ranks of Grenadier Guards drawn up in the Great Quadrangle to receive her as their Colonel in Chief. . . . A drummer boy dancing with the Princess and overwhelmed with his brief spell of fame. . . . The slowly moving cortege of a dead king. . . . Daffodils splashing colour on the grass and grey walls. . . . A magical-looking array of towers seen in the twilight against open skies on a summer evening. . . .

Whenever I think of Windsor it is these things that I see. They are some of the memories I have in my mind of that so obviously royal town on the Thames. It is to Windsor Castle that my thoughts always go, for the Castle is everything to Windsor.

Take it away: blot out your memories of it and your associations with it, and there is little left—a town with amazingly few interests, not nearly so attractive as Eton, over the bridge.

This is a startling fact. There are few such examples in Britain where a town exists almost entirely to serve a great house or a castle. They were

common enough in mediaeval times, when many towns grew up for this sole purpose.

Few have remained as such. Most have broadened and become cities or towns in their own right, many have passed away, many have lessened into villages. None that has remained in their original purpose—save Windsor.

This does not mean that Windsor is a lifeless place with its whole mind centred on what, in Victoria's time more than any other in recent history, stands for Royalty with a capital R. It may be correct to say that it always has one eye on the great and imposing fortress, palace and country house that stands in its midst and dominates its every street.

All roads lead to the Castle, but they are busy roads, in peacetime laden with passing traffic as well as tradesmen's vans and cars of the local population. Windsor's shops and places of entertainment are well up-to-date.

THE RIVER ROAD.

Unfortunately most of my visits to your home towns start at a railway station. Nowhere more than at Windsor could I wish to come in by road—or by river. Perhaps, having tied up my boat somewhere near Romsey Lock, with its popular backwater (but not nearer, for there the railway sidings make the prospect hideous), I might have come across the Home Park to the town. Or, leaving the riverside road and the Bells of Ouseley behind, might have slipped down the High-street into the town's centre.

When that Saxon nobleman, whoever he was, chose the chalk knoll at the side of the Thames which is Windsor, for his camp, and later turned it into a strong point, he probably had no eye for the beauties of the surrounding countryside.

All he thought about was the trouble a possible enemy might have in climbing up to his ring of sharpened stakes on the summit.

But he selected a place from which kings and queens, courtiers and soldiers, prelates and politicians, maids of honour and prisoners have, through the centuries—ever since William the Conqueror (1066)—gazed in delight across Berkshire. When they weren't admiring the view, or love-making, they were riding to the hunt in Windsor Great Park, near at hand.

JOHN NAIL-BITER.

It was from Windsor Castle that the most slippery of all

Britain's old-time monarchs went out, biting his nails, to sign that Magna Charta which gave over his power to the nobles of his day (the common people had little place in that plect of parchmen, in spite of the history books).

It was Edward the Third who really set about making the Castle a great and habitable place, though almost every king since added bits to it or pulled bits down, or made things a little more convenient or comfortable. And to do it he used a method well-known in recent years.

Instead of appealing for men to do the work, he had them "directed" to it. He told the Sheriffs of various parts of the country how many men they were to provide, and saw to it that he got them.

But we are still at the Castle. There are other places of historical interest in the town. There is the Town Hall. Well, it is fairly old—built by Christopher Wren, who replanned London after the Great Fire, but never saw his plans come to fruition. Windsor people are still a bit shy about the pillars. When Wren built the place the bunggesses of the town were concerned about the small number of pillars used to hold up the roof. They took their fears to Wren, and were so insistent that he agreed to put in some additional pillars.

This satisfied the timorous bunggesses, and it wasn't for many years that it was discovered that in order both to placate the Windsor men and to uphold his own idea of what was necessary, Wren had placed the pillars so that there was a gap between their tops and the roof.

WINDOW SEATS.

Of inns, there is the "Star and Garter" in Peascod-street, which seeks to uphold its associations with the past—one into believing that it is of the Shakespearean vintage and, indeed, it is more likely that Shakespeare quaffed his ale at the original "White Hart" in High-street. This has no pretence to be anything but a building of more modern times.

The windows of the "White Hart" have served as "theatre boxes" for more royal events than any other windows in Britain. From them favoured spectators have seen many different processions wind in, or out of, the Castle gateway.

Kings and Queens, Emperors and foreign princes, famed statesmen and diplomats, have

passed that way and brought to the "White Hart" a little more prestige.

For other hostelrys you can take your choice of the "Castle," the "Old House" or the "Tower House"—or perhaps you prefer one of those lesser, but often jollier, pubs that hide away in the side streets.

If Shakespeare were to return, he would be more at home there than in the more imposing buildings on the main streets.

If you don't go to Windsor to see the Castle you go to visit the Great Park. And, indeed, you could do no better on a free day. That Long Walk from the Castle along the edge of the Home Park, up to Snow Hill and into the Great Park is unique. It is a thing of its own, and it is a thing worth seeing.

It ends in the heart of that great stretch of parkland—Windsor Great Park, with its 1,800 acres stretching to Sunningdale, across Virginia Water, and out of Berkshire into Surrey.

It is a place where you can get lost (and some couples seem to favour this) or where you can find enough space for a walking tour. I did neither. I sat down under an old oak and had a nap.

Ah, those oaks of the Great Park! Was it not in one of them that Herne the Hunter had his abode, and came out in the dead of night, horned and terrible, with fire flashing from his weird head, and with his ghostly hounds baying in the chase? They have an oak there that is still called by Herne's name—Herne the mysterious, the gallant, the silent, the avenger.

You don't believe the legend? But two ladies, living hard by, heard the baying of his hounds a winter or two ago just past midnight. They swore they heard it, not once but several times. Would you disbelieve a lady?

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"All's Well," Sto. P.O. George Wills

GOOD morning, Sto. P.O. George Wills here's a nice surprise for you, all the way from James Watt Terrace, Barrow-in-Furness. Pauline and her Mummy were just off to do the Saturday afternoon shopping, but the "G.M." managed to catch them just in time.

As you can see they are both very well and are counting the days when you will be home once more.

Mrs. Wills told us about your violin. Now it's no secret George, we know everything about it, and from what we can gather the neighbours do too—what a life you used to lead them, but for all that she'd far rather have you home playing it again.

Dad has sent you a pipe and hopes that you will find plenty



of time to enjoy it. He is very at the party to celebrate your well and sends his best wishes, return.

Baby Pauline is going to a party in the next road when she comes back from her shopping, to celebrate the victory in Europe. She is very excited about this one, but goodness only knows how she will feel

All your friends in Barrow wish you the best of luck, and everyone is looking forward so much to seeing you again.

Keep up the good work and smooth sailing George.

ZODOMIRSKY'S DUEL

Everything looked good in the life of Captain Zodomirsky when he joined his new regiment. Mariana was to be his wife. But Sub-lieutenant Stamm stuck his oar in. Unfortunately there is often a Stamm; and Dumas never wrote better than in this.

At the time of this story our Lieutenant Zodomirsky, who regiment was stationed in is betrothed to the beautiful the dirty little village of Valins, Mariana Ravensky."

It was the fourth of May in the year 1821 and I, with several other officers, had been breakfasting with the Aide-de-Camp in honor of his birthday, and discussing the various topics of the garrison.

"Can you tell us without being indiscreet," asked Sub-Lieutenant Stamm of Andrew Michaelovitch, the Aide-de-Camp, "what the Colonel was so eager to say to you this morning?"

"A new officer," he replied, "is to fill the vacancy of captain."

"His name?" demanded two or three voices.

"And when does he arrive?" asked Major Belayef.

"He has arrived. I have been presented to him at the Colonel's house. He is very anxious to make your acquaintance, gentlemen, and I have therefore invited him to dine with us. But that reminds me, Captain, you must know him," he continued, turning to me; "you were both in the same regiment at St. Petersburg."

"It is true," I replied. "We studied there together. He was then a brave, handsome youth, adored by his comrades, in every

By Alexandre Dumas

one's good graces, but of a fiery and irritable temper."

"Mademoiselle Ravensky informed me that he was a skillful duelist," said Stamm. "Well, he will do very well here; a duel is a family affair with us. You are welcome, Monsieur Zodomirsky. However quick your temper, you must be careful of it before me, or I shall take upon myself to cool it."

And Stamm pronounced these words with a visible sneer.

"How is it that he leaves the Guards? Is he ruined?" asked Cornet Naletoff.

"I have been informed," replied Stamm, "that he has just inherited from an old aunt about twenty thousand rubles. No, poor devil! he is consumptive."

"Come, gentlemen," said the Aide-de-Camp, rising, "let us pass to the saloon and have a game of cards. Koloff will serve dinner while we play."

We had been seated some time, and Stamm, who was far from rich, was in the act of losing sixty rubles, when Koloff announced:

"Captain Zodomirsky."

"There you are at last!" cried Michaelovitch, jumping from his chair, "you are welcome."

Then, turning to us, he continued: "These are your new

comrades, Captain Zodomirsky; all good fellows and brave soldiers."

"Gentlemen," said Zodomirsky, "I am proud and happy to have joined your regiment. To do so has been my greatest desire for some time, and if I am welcome, as you courteously say, I shall be the happiest man in the world."

"Ah! good day, Captain," he continued, turning to me and holding out his hand. "We meet again. You have not forgotten an old friend, I hope?"

As he smilingly uttered these words, Stamm, to whom his back was turned, darted at him a glance full of bitter hatred. Stamm was not liked in the regiment; his cold and taciturn nature had formed no friendship with any of us. I could not understand his apparent hostility toward Zodomirsky, whom I believed he had never seen before.

Some one offered Zodomirsky a cigar. He accepted it, lit it at the cigar of an officer near him, and began to talk gaily to his new comrades.

"Do you stay here long?" asked Major Belayef.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Zodomirsky. "I wish to stay with you as long as possible," and as he pronounced these words he saluted us all round with a smile. He con-

tinued: "I have taken a house excellent cook, a passable library, near that of my old friend Raven—a little garden, and a target; sky whom I knew at St. Peters—and there I shall be quiet as a burg. I have my horses there, an

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. How many pounds are there in one stone of glass?
2. What seaside town adjoins Bournemouth?
3. What is the smallest number of lighter flints at 3d. each you can buy with a single coin?
4. What is the proper name of a tool sometimes called a screw-hammer?

5. From what game did ice-hockey originate?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Piccadilly, Strand, Bond Street, Prince's Street, Regent Street.

Answers to Quiz in No. 685

1. Ten inches.
2. St. Leonards.
3. Twelve (for half-a-crown).
4. Purch.
5. 10s. per year.
6. Demeter was the goddess of agriculture; others are measures in the metric system.

THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

MR. Frank Phillips doesn't like smoking. He doesn't like it so much that for the past eighteen years he's given all his spare time to stamping out the obnoxious habit—not that the stamping seems to have much effect.

"Something in the city" is Mr. Phillips' job, but he gets up as early as four o'clock in the morning at times to do a bit more stamping for the National Society of Non-Smokers, of which he is honorary secretary, and which he founded in 1927. He does a good bit of work at week-ends, too. His home at Balham, is his office.

At the moment, the Non-Smokers are particularly active against smoking in restaurants and cinemas.

Mr. Phillips' own view is that all smokers ought to be kept apart from what he calls "normal people." As for women smokers . . .

Mr. Phillips has got 1,650 people behind him—but he's got a deuce of a lot in front of him! He only tried smoking once. The feeling most of us got after our first cigarette or pipe seems to have been more permanent.

JUST before VE-Day, the policeman on duty at the India Office, in Whitehall, stopped a man dressed in a nice serge suit and asked him for his pass.

"Oh, bother!" said the man, "I've left it in my other suit."

"Sorry, sir, but you can't get in without it," sternly replied the bobby.

"But I've often been in before without showing it," remonstrated the man.

"Not while I've been here you haven't."

"Oh, yes, I have," said the man. "My name's Wavell—I'm the Viceroy."

It really happened.

IF Mr. Reginald Vesselo, public schoolmaster, living at Tottenham, had his way, chess would be taught during school time at every place of education in the country.

He believes it to be important as a brain trainer.

And many schools have come to his way of thinking and are devoting one period a week to the subject, from public schools to approved schools.

School-children who belong to The Chess Education Society founded by Mr. Vesselo, recently broadcast to American chess-playing school-children.

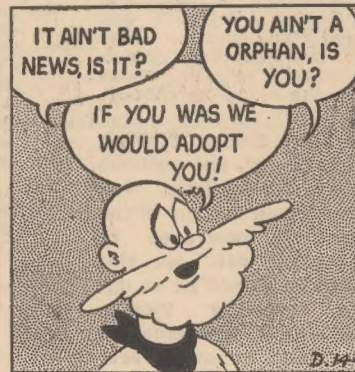
Maybe Crown and Anchor will one day be on the school curriculum.

TWO Wills. Mr. Lionel Rodd, chairman of Wall and Sons, the "Stop Me And Buy One" ice-cream firm, left £135,000.

Mr. David Caradoc Evans, famous Welsh novelist and journalist, left £81.

D.N.K.B.

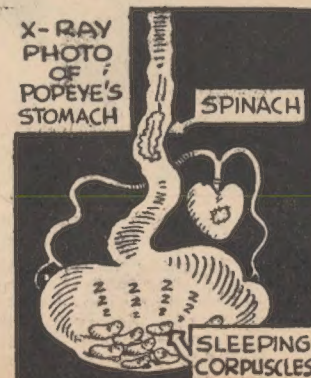
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 625

- 1. Cut one letter out of a kind and get a sash.
- 2. Insert the same letter 13 times and make sense of: Akeimecoupheoalandryogeirigh.
- 3. What common word has ITIV for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I fancy — smells of whisky.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 624

- 1. CHA (I)R.
- 2. Sam swims as the swan swam.
- 3. ChAIRMan.
- 4. Baker, break.

JANE

Zodomirsky's Duel

(Continued from Page 2) between comrades, in which case hermit, and happy as a king. he who is known for a good shot. It is the life that suits me." inspires respect among those in- "Ha! you practise shooting!" discreet persons who amuse them- said Stamm, in such a strange selves in asking useless ques- voice, accompanied by a smile tions. so sardonic, that Zodomirsky re- "Oh! that is not a reason, regarded him in astonishment. Captain. In duels, as in every- "It is my custom every morn- thing else, something should be ing to fire twelve balls," he re- left to chance. I maintain my first opinion, and say that an plied. "You are very fond of that honorable man ought not to take amusement, then?" demanded too many precautions." Stamm, in a voice without any "And why?" asked Zodo- trace of emotion; adding, "I mirsky. do not understand the use of shoot- "I will explain to you," re- ing, unless it is to hunt with." plied Stamm. "Do you play at Zodomirsky's pale face was cards, Captain?" flushed with a sudden flame. He "Why do you ask that ques- turned to Stamm, and replied tion?" in a quiet but firm voice: "I "I will try to render my ex- think, monsieur, that you are planation clear, so that all will wrong in calling it lost time to understand it. Every one knows learn to shoot with a pistol; that there are certain players who in our garrison life an imprudent have an enviable knack, while word often leads to a meeting shuffling the pack, of adroitiy

making themselves master of the said. "I will dine at the Colonel's." winning card. Now, I see no dif- And with these words he left the ference, myself, between the man room. who robs his neighbor of his The most profound silence had money and the one who robs him been kept during this alterca- of his life." Then he added, in a tion; but, as soon as Stamm dis- way to take nothing from the in- appeared, Captain Pravdine, an solence, of his observation, "I old officer, addressed himself to do not say this to you, in particu- us all. lar, Captain; I speak in general "We cannot let them fight, gentlemen," he said. Zodomirsky touched him gently on his arm. "Captain," he said, "I am a newcomer among you; none of with you." Then, turning to me, you know me. I have yet, as it were, to win my spurs; it is im- possible for me to let this quarrel pass without fighting. I do not know what I have done to annoy this gentleman, but it is evident that he has some spite against me." "The truth of the matter is that Stamm is jealous of you, Zodomirsky," said Cornet Nale- toff. "It is well known that he is in love with Mademoiselle Ravensky." "Au revoir, Michaelovitch," he Ravensky. "And now to dinner, gentle- men!" cried Michaelovitch. "Place yourselves as you choose. The soup, Koloff; the soup!" "Stephanovitch," said Zodo- mirsky to me, when dinner was over, and all had risen, "since Monsieur Stamm knows you are my second and has accepted you as such, see him, and arrange everything with him; accept all his conditions; then meet Captain Pravdine and me at my rooms. The first who arrives will wait for the other. We are now going to Monsieur Ravensky's house." "You will let us know the hour of combat?" said several voices. "Certainly, gentlemen. Come and bid a last farewell to one of us." We all parted at the Ravensky's door, each officer shaking hands with Zodomirsky as with an old friend. (To be continued)



RUGGLES



ANNE BAXTER

BORN in Michigan City, Indiana, on May 7th, 1923, Anne Baxter has crowded a lot of activity into her twenty-two years. The glamorous 20th Century-Fox star made her stage debut in a piece called "Seen But Not Heard" at the age of thirteen, and, it is recorded, created quite a sensation. For two years she appeared on Broadway and in repertory before she went to Hollywood to be tested for the lead in "Rebecca." She didn't get the part—they said she was too young—but she did get a contract a few weeks later.

She was loaned to M.-G.-M. for "20 Mule Team," and after making her film debut, returned to her own company for a small part in "The Great Profile." Roles followed in steady succession, and Anne has recently scored her biggest success to date in "Guest in the House."

Her hair is chestnut and her eyes hazel. She likes food, and often spends her spare time searching for unusual places to eat.

It is her usual practice to take a short run before breakfast—she says she cannot sleep in the mornings.

Dick Gordon

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SKIP GRUBS
INDIGO GLIB
LEDGE PHONE
LAY ADO U A
D PREMISES
SEMI V TEXT
EDITIONS P
P N ONE YAK
ADIEU ALONE
LOOK AROUSE
ENEMY WREN

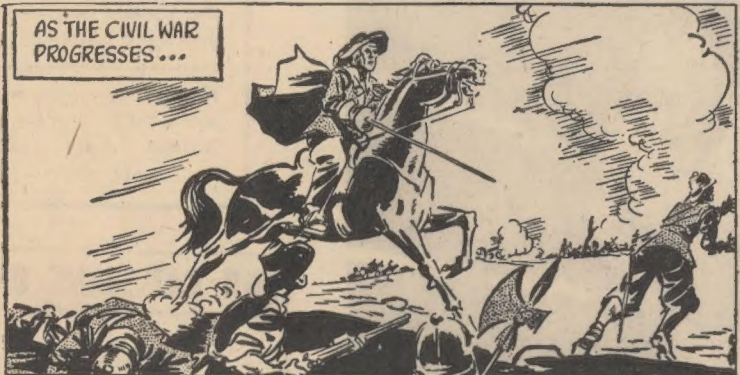
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9	10			11	12		
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19		20			21		22
			23				
24	25	26		27	28		29
	30			31			32
33				34	35	36	
37				38	39		
40				41			

CLUES ACROSS.—2 Fruit, 6 Speak, 9 Change, 11 Flagon, 13 Number, 15 Legal command, 16 Therefore, 17 Office record, 19 Creek, 21 Away, 23 Bird, 24 Big bird, 27 Unpleasant, 30 Trilled as grasshopper, 32 Supported by, 33 Be overfond, 34 Fruit, 37 Spheres of action, 39 Free ticket, 40 Refreshment place, 41 Close-packed.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Between ball and goal, 2 Pull, 3 Ooze out, 4 Do as told, 5 Number, 6 Oarsmen, 7 Similar, 8 Nevertheless, 10 Zoo beast, 12 Pairs, 14 Somewhat, 18 Flag, 20 Mitigate, 22 Distortion, 25 Nat, 26 Creditor's right, 28 Suit, 29 Slang clothes, 31 Mounted, 33 Welsh boy, 36 Negative, 38 Time of day.



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good Morning



IN BRITAIN'S GOLD AND PLEASANT LAND.

Golden harvest is cut down in long swathes, and there's peace over the landscape again, so Nature can get on with her silent job, and asks no thanks.



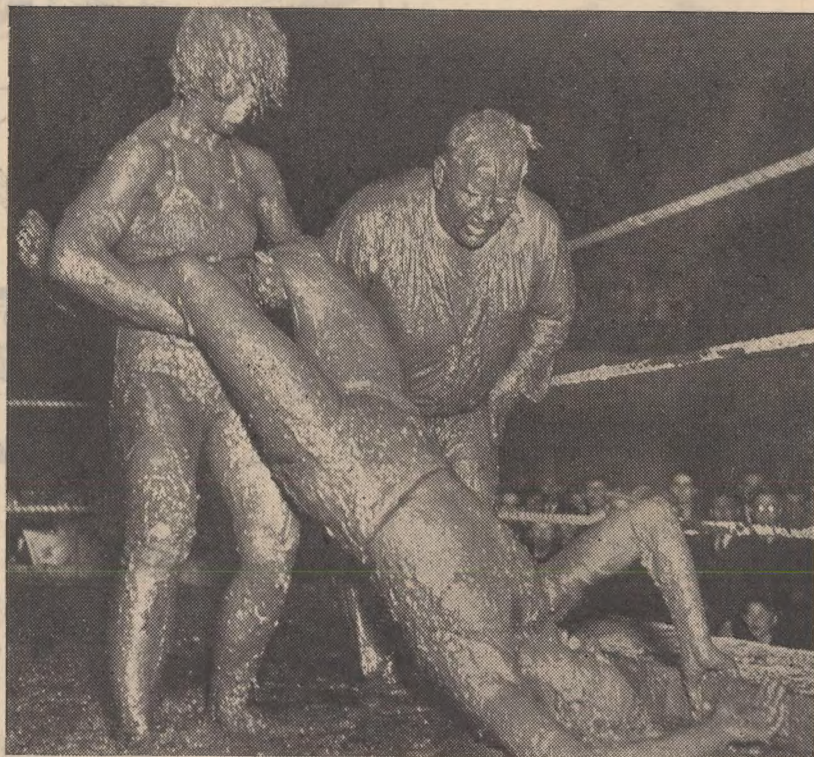
This was how they plunged into the sea in 1891 in a swim-suit that looks as if it could swim all by itself; and if anybody dares to laugh we'd like to remind them that gentlemen liked it that way.



Called the Cockney Sparrows the choirboys of St. Mary-of-the Angels are giving the choirmaster an anxious time getting ready for Christmas. Called Sparrows they are said to have the voices of nightingales.



★ Theodosius D. Rockwell, of Portland, Oregon, had a great idea to keep himself from being lost when he travelled around. He had his name and address tatooed on his husky legs in forty languages, and various telegraphic codes. What would have happened if he lost his legs is dreadful to imagine.



Queenie of the Mud Bath

In your spare time, if you dream of being a champion mud-bath wrestler, take warning, for here is Cyclone Burke giving the works to Babe Gordon in Ohio. No use calling it a dirty business. And, honest, Cyclone's first name is Mildred, queen of the "dirties."



★ Carol Parker and Helaine Moler got their chance before the screen and next day were under contract to Paramount. If you ask us we wouldn't have waited until the next day.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'll bet she can't lick herself"

